

New Life

New Life: chapter 1. Melody pov

Middle school. New school. Both are dreaded places. Me, I've been enrolled in a new middle school. Of course, I'm not alone, which detracts from the horror of it all. My best friends, Mikayla and Miranda, are here with me.

Now, you're probably asking yourself how this happened. Well, our parents were best friends growing up, and I guess they planned to have us at the same time... maybe. Anyway, they decided to go on a trip all around the world. Something about "having only so little time left." Personally, I can't understand their decision. I think they just wanted to get away from us a little while, while we're going through our early teenage years. Some parents! Instead of dealing with us, they decided to dump us on my aunt because she had chosen not to embark on their trip along with them. So here we are, in New York City, living it up as far away as we could be from our old residence: Waikiki, Hawaii. Compared to the sandy beaches of Hawaii, the cold air of NYC was terrible.

Don't get me wrong, I love my aunt. We all do. She's fun, solicitous, nice, and absolutely everything that you want in a friend and a mom. She's a perfect mix of both.

Anyway, we are going to a new school in New York City. Surprisingly, it wasn't that bad. Of course, I'd rather not go into that topic but while I'm at it I might as well.

Every little thing there bothered me. The people. Their clothes. Their attitude. The teachers. The slightest thing irked me, made me want to jump out of my seat and yell, "You're not ever going to replace my friends! I hate you!" I controlled myself though. I know now that I wasn't just comparing them to normalcy; I was comparing

them to my old school, which was, by any means, far from perfection.

In any case, it was hard to fit in, solely based on the fact that I was clearly a nerd. My black hair was chopped off in the front to form blunt, uneven bangs and the rest of my hair was completely unworkable with. It was rough, straight hair, and no matter how hard I tried to make it look attractive, it just stayed the same. Not only that, but I wore hideous glasses, the color of mud, and my teeth, don't even get me started on them. Because of their unbelievable crookedness I had to wear unsightly metal braces. Ugh! To top it off, our collared, black and white, appalling uniform completely confirmed that I was a nerd.

At that moment, I had relied on Miranda and Mikayla, who were like my sisters. So, I guess it was pretty bad, but I knew I would get over it.

This particular day started just like any other in the world, but it was about to change our lives.

"Miranda," I said, viewing the giant notice board in front of our school, "Look at that!"

"What?" she replied excitedly, bouncing up and down. This is why I love Miranda, she's ready for anything I say.

Miranda looked like such a popular person, which of course, she was. It wasn't hard to see why. She had beautiful, flowing, soft brown curly hair that fell down in waves. Her face, of course, matched the prettiness of her hair. There was no trace of acne on her skin at all, and her eyes were ocean blue. She had absolutely no issues with her eyes or teeth, of course. She even managed to make the school uniform look as if it belonged in a fashion magazine!

Managing not to compare myself to Miranda this very second, I looked at the notice board. It read:

Spring Dance: March 16th

Talent Show Auditions: March 1st

Talent Show: March 21st

REMEMBER YOUR ID

I sighed, realizing the date had passed. “Never mind, I was going to suggest trying out for the talent show. But today is,” I paused to check the date on my watch, “March 9th. It’s too late.”

Instead of seeing look resembling acceptance, I saw a look of doubt. It was easy to see she was lost in thought. Thinking of what, I had no idea. “Yeah, that’s too bad,” she said in an unusual voice. “I’ll catch you later; I have to tell Selema something.” Her eyes lit up deviously, and I quickly remembered that she had other friends to talk to.

“Okay, see you at home.” She sprinted away and headed for Selema. I looked for Mikayla, only to remember that she was talking to her friends as well. I searched through the crowd of students in school for my friends, and saw a few staring at me intently, then waving me over. I jogged up to them, and they were going on about a boy named Johnny asking out Maria. Not that I didn’t find it interesting, but I barely knew the people they were talking about.

I looked at my watch, wanting the 14 minutes to go by faster, so we could head into school and get this day over with. Then, I could go home, finish my homework and relax. Text a few friends, take a nap, watch a movie... maybe two... maybe I could stay up all night watching movies! That would be the life, except for the fact that there’s

school tomorrow, and the day after that.... Abruptly my fantasy turned into a nightmare. School, school, school. I couldn't wait until I could finish college, get a job, then retire in Hawaii....

"...that Sara bombed the auditions!" Mary said quite sadly.

"What was that?" I guess the conversation had changed, and on to Sara, one of my other friends, who had seemed to enter some sort of depression based on my friend's undying concern about her.

"Sara bombed the talent show auditions. That's part of the reason why she's been so depressed lately." Mary repeated in the same tone.

"Oh... but why is she so sad about that? It's just a talent show, not that big of a deal." I stated matter-of-factly, receiving some weird looks.

When they saw that I wasn't joking around, Clara replied caustically, "Actually Melody, it is that big of a deal. Every year this big talent scout comes, and if he thinks that some one's got talent, he recruits them, which makes it more like a music competition, obviously. Only one group gets in every year, but they have to record some songs with him and then he makes the final choice... nobody gets past that stage though. Besides, it's too late to even think of auditioning this year." This was the first time she had ever spoken more than a few words to me. Her face looked annoyed, and instantly I felt like a little girl being scolded by a scornful teacher. I shook my head, getting the thought out of my head. Obviously, Clara was angry at me for some reason, but I had no idea why, seeing as I barely talked to her the two or three weeks I've been here.

"Um, yeah. I know. Besides, the only time I ever sing is in the shower," I

replied, smiling, hoping to lighten the conversation. It didn't have the intended effect. Every one's eyes flicked away from Clara and me, not wanting to get in the middle of it. "Well, um," I paused waiting for inspiration to hit me, but nothing did. Riiinnngg! Perfect timing! "I'm gonna go, my locker's pretty far away." I took the bell to my advantage, leaving the awkwardness and rushing to my locker.

As the rest of the day droned on, I couldn't help but notice the steely look I received from Clara once in a while. Sometimes she would just smile and ignore me like she did before, and other times she would sass me. Other than that, my day was mildly okay. When I walked out of the school, Miranda looked excited.

"Okay, guess what!" she paused, waiting for me to guess. Apparently I took too much time, because a few seconds later she yelled, "I got us auditions!"

"Wait, *what?! How?*"

"Oh, well, I found out the chorus teacher is in charge of the auditions, so I asked her if we could audition, even though it was a little late. And she agreed! But since there's supposed to be this big important guy seeing the talent show, we have to pay \$17. It's not that bad though, right?!" Miranda explained eagerly, her brown curls bouncing up and down.

"That's... unbelievable! I can't believe you got us auditions!" I said, bouncing up and down with her. "You wanna ask Mikayla to do it with us?"

"Of course, we've always been a three man team! Well, that is, if she agrees to it. She seems so preoccupied lately." She answered, shaking her head in mock disappointment.

Just that second, a tall brunette walked out the building. Her hair was scrunched

and she wore plain gray sweatpants and a Madison High sweatshirt, following the boys winter dress code, of course. This was to be expected, because if you ever tried to put Mikayla in a skirt, you don't even want to know what she would do. .

"Hey. What's happening?" she calmly asked us, but with a scowl on her face.

"Nothing, where have you been? We've been waiting here for quite a while for you!" I asked her jokingly.

"Gosh, I'm sorry," smirking at me, she replied.

We walked to my aunt's silver Honda, and jumped in. When we arrived home after the short drive, Mikayla sprinted out and into our lime green bedroom before plopping on to the bottom bunk of our triple bunk bed. We followed her in curiously.

"Watcha doin'?" Miranda questioned her.

"Nothing," Mikalya replied, as if she wanted to avoid the question.

I jumped on her bed and looked at what she was working on. "Ooh, a newspaper!" I said, getting interested. The paper she was intently reading was a writing contest, and if the judges chose your newspaper as the best one, then you won \$1000! "Can I write one, too?"

"Me too!" Miranda added as soon as I asked.

Snatching the paper away, she said, "No!" We looked at her, startled. "I mean, it costs a lot of money to enter since the deadline was a week ago." she snarled.

"Oh," Miranda sighed, "Well do you want to join our group for the talent show?"

Mikayla looked up from the paper and glared at Miranda, "What kinda of question is that?! Of course I want to!" she said, calming down a little.

"Well, you have to pay to audition," I said, sneering just a little. She was honestly

getting on my nerves, there was no need to get so mad about everything in life. Most of the time, she wasn't like this, but for some reason she felt the need to be over dramatic today. I wasn't going to take any of her attitude today.

"Whatever, you didn't have to ask me if you didn't want me to be in your silly little group anyway," she snarled, back in her grouchy mood. It was clear she thought I didn't mean it about her having to pay to audition, but right now I wasn't in the mood to tell her that it was true.

Miranda looked awkwardly at one of us, and then the other, trying to find a way to calm us both down. Seeing that it wasn't going to happen, she climbed on to the top bunk with a book and sighed loudly.

I thought that the situation that I was in was horrible, but it couldn't get much worse.

Oh boy, was I wrong.

Nervousness swept through me as I toddled towards Mrs. Jenson's classroom. Opening the golden colored door knob, I spotted at least thirty people there to watch our audition, and the one and only, Miss. Snobby Clara sitting in the back, with a glaring face. Melody and I dashed towards her, and showered her with questions about the audition. She rudely rolled her eyes, and moved her seat.

"Seems like everyone has attitude now a days," said Melody.

"Well that explains why she is friends with Mikayla," Miranda answered. Abruptly Mrs. Jenson called me and Melody to perform our song.

The staid audience sat on the bleachers quietly, waiting for us to sing. Standing on the stage, the spotlight was on us now. Over a billion eyes stared us down, and made my legs feel like jelly. Melody looked as if she was ready to sing and she had done it before. We took the mikes, and belted out to the song "Irreplaceable" by Beyonce.

When the song came to an end, the crowd went wild, except for Clara of course!

"Girls, you need to make up your own song, not sing a song by a real artist, doing that will not get you to record your own single!" said Mrs. Jenson curiously. "Since you already auditioned and it is clear that crowd apparently loves you, you can sing your original song at the talent show, where the record producer, named Sterling will be there". We replied "okay", and scurried out happy with our success. Even though we did not follow the directions, at least the crowd loved how we sang! That night we celebrated with pizza. After that, we practiced our single, while Mikayla was helping Aunt Claire, do the dishes, and house work. It took about 2 hours for us to complete the song, and rehearse it a few times until it was perfect. We performed the song to Aunt

Claire and Mikayla to make sure it was perfect. Aunt Claire gave us loud and proud plaudits, while Mikayla showed no sign of expression. I guess she was just in a bad mood today! The next morning, a Saturday, was the day of the Talent Show! We had to reach there at about 9:00 and it was now, 8:30. Usually we got up late, in Hawaii, but here it was hard to, without constantly hearing noise outside your window.

As Melody and I got dressed, we headed out to the Honda that Aunt Claire drove. We sat on the white leather, rough seats, and Aunt Claire drove away. Mikayla couldn't come because she said she rather work on her newspaper. As we reached the school, well the high school, Clara, was standing there about to go in, wearing a red dress, with flowers on it, and her hair curled, looking as if she was going to go to a wedding. Melody and I walked in wearing dark jeans, and matching purple jackets, with our hair tied.

As all the children ambled onto the stage, we just followed behind them, forming a parade line.

The announcer, announced all the winners, (which were actually just 6), and the judges, (who were professional and famous judges.) My legs started quivering, as I looked at the crowd. Over 50 people were there, including the cheer team, who took a break to watch us perform. I didn't think we would win, because I probably would mess up, but what I did was just thinking about school, and how I performed then, but it didn't really help that much.

Abruptly, the crowd went silent, and the spotlight, was once again on us, well the six winning kids. The announcer announced that these two twins, named John and Joe, were up first. They didn't sing, instead they performed some magic show, which I didn't think was talent at all! Well, I already knew they would loose by looking at the judges

face expressions. Next up was Clara. She performed a dance, to a song that she wrote, which turned out to be pretty good, knowing the fact that it was about my favorite season, summer! She did really good, and everyone stood up after she was done. I guess she practiced a lot knowing the fact she didn't fall in her long red gown even once! The judges gave her a 90% average out of a 100%.

Next it was our turn. We performed a song, and dance to a song we wrote, called Rock star! After the announcer handed us the mikes, it was our time to shine. We were quite for a few seconds, so quite that you could hear crickets, then we began singing, with a little beat added in the back, from our school friend Mindy. We sang, **I'm rockin, and I'm poppin, and I'm gettin what a rock stars wantin, and every bodys sayin she's a millionaire, b b b billionaire, DON'T THINK THAT I'M ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE OUT THERE, my life is getting harder and harder, and it's either now or never, and you're gonna hear my voice.... When I shout it out loud.... To the wildest crowd..... I'M A ROCK STAR!!**

When we finished our song, the crowd stood up again, and cheered. Even the cheer leading team cheered for us, and that's when Clara got mad. We were so happy that we just stood on the stage smiling and waving like weirdos, for about 2 minutes, until the judges made their decisions. They graded us on how loud we were, how our song was, and how we sounded. We got a 10 on the first one, because we were always loud, a 10 on the second one because our song was just awesome, and a 9 on the last. So our average grade was a 97%. We stayed standing on the stage, and remained, until the other contestants approached on the stage, the black shiny stage. It seemed like the judges made their decisions, and the cheerleaders drum rolled on the

bleachers.

The judges got up and proclaimed, "The winner is... Miranda and Melody!"

I was so happy, that I started to cry tears of joy! Aunt Claire ran us to the stage and hugged us tight, and Sterling awarded us with a trophy, and a disk, that was signed by him. Now we got to record our own song, and maybe even become famous!

As soon as those words came out of my mouth, I thought about Mikayla who was back at home doing work, while we are here about to become famous. We were always a group, but I don't even know what or who separated us. I missed doing everything together, but I guess it was just too late to get things back together now. As I turned around to go get some snacks, Clara stood there with her hands on her hips, staring at me right in my blue eyes. I sauntered towards her, trying to look mean like her. "I'm sorry you lost", I said in the meanest way, even though that was just not me.

"Don't be sorry", she said rolling her eyes as always. "I know how you won", she snapped.

I had no idea what she was talking about. But I knew she was just jealous. She always was as soon as we moved here. I know she just tried to steal Mikayla away from us, and she won at that, but I wasn't going to be scared of her any more. I could tell she was mad, when her face turned as red as a candy cane.

"Don't be jealous", I replied back. Her face turned red again.

"I'm leaving because I don't wanna be seen talking to you", she answered, turning around heading for the exit sign.

"You just have nothing to say, now do you", I shrieked trying to let her hear me before she went too far.

My tummy started to grumble, so I got myself a red velvet cupcake and some cookies that smelled like sugar canes and gobbled it down. It tasted so yummy, I wanted more. I could hear people chattering, in the back. They probably want my autograph. Who wouldn't? Our song was astonishing. As I walked to the back room, I saw Melody asking a bunch of questions to Sterling, just as she would. She always made my day! As soon as she was done with the questions, we left to go home, and Sterling let us know that he was going to come over on Sunday to sign the contract for our first song! I was content, and I couldn't wait! We all skipped to the car and got ready for our first day tomorrow entering the world of being famous!

Chapter 3: Mikayla

Miranda and Melody left the next morning, to go shopping. I thought that was weird because who goes shopping at 10:00 in the morning? Well anyways I woke up pretty early today, again, because I wanted to help out Aunt Clair clean the house because I guess some record producer named Sterling was coming over, so aunt Clare could sign a contract for Miranda and Melody. I got pretty upset when she told me that,

but I guess I eventually got over it. We washed the dishes, vacuumed from the mess yesterday, organized the rooms, and folded the blankets. The house looked neat and tidy then. Aunt Clare wore her white apron, and stood in the kitchen to cook some lunch. She made her usual tomato soup, bread sticks, and chopped salad. It sounds gross, but knowing that aunt Clare is making it, your thoughts suddenly change.

“Ding Dong”, went the loud doorbell. I got up to answer the door, and as soon as I did, a man with a black suit, bright neon colored blue tie, brown mustache, and a beagle with drooping ears, gingerly toddled in the house. “Hi my name is Sterling”, he said kindly. Usually no one visited here for the time that I’ve been here.

“Would you like a cup of coffee”, aunt Clare asked *Sterling*.

“No thanks....but I’ll have some water”, he replied.

He sat there like a statue, staring at some papers he was holding tightly in his long arms. Curiously I asked what it was. He raised his eyebrow and said the contract for Melody and Miranda’s first song. I didn’t know what to do, so I just left, while aunt Clare signed the papers. It talked about how they are going to have the responsibilities to practice, sing songs and memorize each, and much more.

A few minutes, maybe an hour passed by, by the time Sterling left. So I dashed upstairs, and worked on my newspaper. I jotted down a few more things about I think you already know who.... I wrote how Miranda was a big diva who wanted everything her way all the time, which was partially true. I wrote Melody was a nerd and a teacher’s pet, which was also partially true. Something inside me told me that what I was doing was wrong, but then again, I was signing in anonymous, and it was not

getting published. I was only doing it, to let out my feelings, and get some money to, and I would offer to share some money with them to.. maybe. I could also buy Miranda something special for her birthday, because I still had to show that I cared, which I did, because every year we get each other something special.

For example last year, Melody and Miranda got me a puppy, which is back at home with my grandma, and they got me a bunch of other little things to! It really ment a lot, so I want to do the same for them to. After Miranda and Mikayla came home, we waited for Miranda to go back out to Selema's house to do home work, so aunt Clare, Melody, and I could go shopping for her gift. We came home with 1 prodigious bag, it had Miranda's gift which was a \$50 perfume, a black leather jacket, a hot pink colored purse, and a tiara that she can wear when we go out to dinner. I was extremely exited, and couldn't wait to see her expression when she opened it. After all the excitement, aunt Clare went back in the kitchen, to make dinner.

I could not enjoy the night still knowing that my newspaper was not done yet, and that it had to be done by Wednesday, and today was Tuesday! After dinner, I spent the rest of the night writing and writing. I guess when I wrote all the negative ideas about my friends, I never really thought about the positive things about them. I just really wanted to know how everything will end up. Will this ruin my life? Will I still have 2 best friends at the end of everything?

Doing this really made me feel like a bad person. But thinking about it gave me a big headache, so I just went to sleep. The next morning I rushed downstairs, to eat

breakfast, and finish my last bit of H.W.

So Miranda, how did the auditions go?, I never really got a chance to ask you”, I said, sprinting downstairs.

“I guess it went good, thanks for caring’, Miranda replied in her usual girly tone.

“Looks like you guys did pretty good without me right, you got the contract everything you wanted right?” I said.

“Yea I guess so”, she replied looking down.

“Well I thought your answer would be different,” I said rolling my eyes.

“Whatever we’re late for school lets go,” she answered grabbing her pink name brand backpack.

Looks like we are not getting along anymore. Whenever there is drama, Melody just has to miss it. I don’t like how everything changed now that we moved. I guess me spending so much time on the gift was not worth it now. But that is too late to think about. The dinner was coming up. Time to go in the car and get ready for another day of school.

When we got to school, we immediately split up to find our friends, and I easily saw Clara waving me over. She wore an impatient and annoyed expression, that was easy to see. When I looked closer, she seemed to be looking right through me. I turned around and saw Miranda and Melody looking hesitantly this way. Was she really waving at them? Since when were they all buddy buddy with each other, last time I thought about it, I was certain they were enemies. Sure enough though, she was waving at them.

I turned around again, and saw Melody and Miranda conversing, probably about whether to go to Clara or not. They were a little predictable in that way. On the other hand, if I were in their place I'd be worried to come this way though, especially with Clara looking like she was out to kill. As if they were snails, they walked behind me in slow motion.

It was clear Clara didn't notice me, because when her eyes fell on me, she smirked. What was that about? I mean, it wasn't a normal smirk (I didn't even know if there was such a thing as a normal smirk), but it was a satisfied smirk. Like a haha-I-sure-showed-you smirk. I didn't even do anything though. Then I realized I was blatantly staring at her, and blushed a little. I wasn't going to treat her like she was a queen or anything. Even though she was one of my friends, I would never show weakness or admiration towards her. Especially with her smirking as if I was below her status. Yeah right, who was the girl who came running up to me when I first arrived at school. Oh yeah, it was her. Whatever.

Being sure to look at other things before I arrived to her, I looked at her and slumped. "Hey. What's up?" I said nonchalantly.

"Nothing." She replied shortly, "Just wait here, I need to talk to your friends." She sneered the word friends.

"Excuse me?" I replied in the same tone. "What do you mean, friends? They're definitely better friends than you." Even if they aren't my friends right now. Even if they probably hate me right now. Even if they will probably dislike me even more after Clara talks to them. No, I shouldn't say that. Maybe she just wants to congratulate them on the contract. When I looked at her expression, I knew I was right to say that she wouldn't be

congratulating anyone today.

“Huh?” She wasn’t even listening to me. “Just a sec, Kayla.” She said, using her sugary sweet voice that I came to know, since I enrolled in this school, was just as fake as her cheap makeup. Add that to my nickname, “Kayla”, which I secretly hated, and she was just as sweet as expired milk. In any case, I had faith that Miranda and Melody wouldn’t succumb to her spurious lies. Maybe I was being a little dramatic, but basically they could stand their ground.

“Uh, you, um, waved us over?” Melody said with disbelief, but also with contempt in every word. Both her and Miranda looked curiously at me, and I shrugged. At least Clara’s unusual request made them acknowledge me.

“Well, why’d you call us over?” Miranda added, getting impatient.

“Okay, well, come over here, I gotta tell you two something.” Clara said with another sugary smile. But my best friends just looked at her with disbelief, clearly saying that they’d rather do anything than talk to her.

And here I was, just a bystander, the one thing I hated.

“Whatever.” Miranda said, and they both walked a few feet away.

My mind was aching. What was Clara telling them both that I couldn’t know? I couldn’t make out anything more than whispers, growing furious. She was obviously getting them annoyed, which couldn’t have been too hard seeing as they were already in such irked states before. When they stopped whispering, I dared to look at them, and instead of looking at Clara with hatred, that emotion was directed towards me.

Whaaaaaat?

In sync, my best friends stomped away. I grabbed hold off Miranda’s shoulder just

before she could get too far. “Ugh, let go of me!” Miranda snarled at me, jerking her shoulder out of my tight grasp. She glared at me angrily and massaged her shoulder, over exaggerating the movement of it. I couldn’t help it, I was angry at them too, and Clara for messing up whatever kind of good relationship we had now with whatever she said. And Miranda and Melody had no right to be angry at me, I didn’t do anything at all.

“What did she tell you?” I asked under a mask of calmness.

Melody looked angry, but also frustrated when she said, “She told us about your newspaper.”

“Huh? You two already knew what I was entering that contest.” Honestly, why would they be mad about that?

Melody rolled her eyes now, seeming to be over the frustration, and said, “Yeah, well we didn’t know about your topic: us.”

“And you believe Clara?” I asked, not denying the accusation.

Her eyes narrowed, and I realized that’s why she was frustrated before. She didn’t completely believe Clara, but now that I didn’t even deny it, she was sure Clara told the truth. I silently cursed myself, how stupid could I be?

Miranda seemed to be over feigning her hurt shoulder and replied, “She showed us a few pages of it. You probably loaned it to her sometime, or something along those lines. The pages she showed us matched your handwriting, and it even mentioned some of the things we told you. As secrets.” She looked hurt as she said it, even though anger was clear as day in every syllable. She seemed to notice this, and added with a steely glare this time, “By the way, Mikayla, I don’t even see how you thought you could win the contest with that as your entry. The judges wouldn’t want to see a whiney little

girl rant about her ex-best friends with bad grammar.”

Ouch. She really didn't hold back. I could see that Melody saw this, too, because she dropped her angry gaze instantly and winced, realizing that Miranda crossed the line. Even Miranda saw that she did, and a look of regret replaced the caustic one, but she turned away, not ready to take the words back. I closed my eyes for a few seconds, telling myself that she was just angry, but that wasn't the problem. Even though she didn't mean the words, and they impulsively fell out of her mouth, I felt like they were true. Why would I write something so hurtful like that, and enter it? Besides, it was stupid. Every single word of it. Stupid. I mean, maybe it was good writing, maybe...

Tears threatened to spill and I held them back with a lot of difficulty. I sighed and said, “Whatever Miranda, at least I had the guts to say what I was thinking about everything and take action. Whereas you,” I spit out a laugh, “just sit there like a little Barbie doll, not even daring to force out a word about anything that happens. You're just a coward.” Where did that come from? I should be apologizing like crazy, I know I was wrong. I shouldn't be insulting her, I was wrong. Not her.

“We'll see you at home Mikayla.” Melody said quietly, yet seething. She turned around and put her arm around Miranda. I sighed and closed my eyes again, and when I opened them I found Clara looking at me with an amused expression. She was cruel.

“Hm. That was interesting. Well Mikayla, they would have out about it anyway.” She smiled, placating, and for a second I almost believed she felt sorry for me. “I'll see you later.” She said as the bell rang. She turned around, but I still saw the glimpse of a smile etched on her face.

Quickly enough, it was fourth period. This was my favorite period, English class. The best class ever.

Not today.

Everyone sat in their assigned seats, and Mrs. Corall looked happily at us. "Before we start our lessons, I'd like to congratulate Mikayla for winning the Statewide newspaper contest! The judges said, and I quote, 'the article sounded as if it were written for an exclusive gossip magazine. The author replicated the rumors and voice of the writers of them astoundingly!'" Um, I wasn't replicating it. "Great job Mikayla! Would you like to share with the class?"

No. Definitely not. Not in a million years. Never. Nope. No way. "Um, no thank you." I replied nervously.

"Oh, but I insist." I shook my head spastically. "Oh, Mikayla, if your shy, I'll read it out loud myself." I closed my eyes in defeat. Please, please don't read their names. But she did. And as soon she realized who I was saying all these despicable things about, she stopped in her tracks.

I looked at her, my eyes pleading for her not to continue any longer. All around me, eyes were fixed on me, bodies were turned towards me. I wished I could rewind time, and take back everything that I said. But I couldn't, it was out to the whole world. All the embarrassing secrets about Miranda and Melody were out. I had no doubt that my class would spread it.

There was absolutely no chance of being forgiven now.

I slumped in my seat, doodling the rest of the period, pretending not to notice the snickers around me and eyes fixated on me. When the bell finally rang, I couldn't help

but feel relieved, it was over. But I was wrong, the words did spread. I felt the heated glare of every student and whenever Melody or Miranda would pass by me in the hall, they wouldn't even meet my gaze, and they were engulfed with snickers and teasing. I was so pained, I wished I could take everything back and just beg for forgiveness. That's what I'd do when I got home, at Miranda's birthday dinner.

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The car ride home was painful, and even Aunt Clare could sense it, but decided not to play a part in the argument.

At home, I could hear Miranda and Melody talking in excited whispers about how they were going to record a song in less than a week. I was happy for them, but it hurt. It's the reason I was in this mess, because of this contract they had. I wish I auditioned with them, not because they get a recording contract and they might become famous, but because I want to be with them. But it's my own fault...

I waited patiently at home until 6 o'clock, when we'd leave for dinner, which I was dreading. Of course, it came as quickly as it could. We handed Miranda her presents: perfume, a coach purse, and a warm leather jacket. When Aunt Clare left to start the car and leave, I knew the time to apologize was here.

"Miranda, Melody? Um, I'm really, really, unbelievably sorry for writing those things about you guys. You didn't deserve it, I was being a jerk. And I didn't mean for Mrs. Corall to read it out loud, and for it to spread. I- I'm really sorry." I stuttered the last few words, verging on tears.

"Mikayla, we know that you're sorry. We really do. But..." Miranda said.

"Well, it's kinda hard to trust you now. I- we get that you were angry when you

wrote it, but everyone at school is making fun of us now. Because of you.” Melody continued, looking down at the floor while she was talking. “And, uh, we were thinking that we don’t really want that to happen again, after this all blows over, if it does. You don’t know how it feels, to have all your secrets spill out to the school. Sorry doesn’t do anything, Mikaya, taking action does. And I doubt that even that will decrease our humiliation.” She finished. She threw my own words about taking action back at me, and I knew she was right.

But because of that, another idea spun in my head. What if I did take action, and it took away all their pain? Could I do that?

First I had to make a choice though. Between my friends’ reputations, and my own.

The choice was unbelievably easy.